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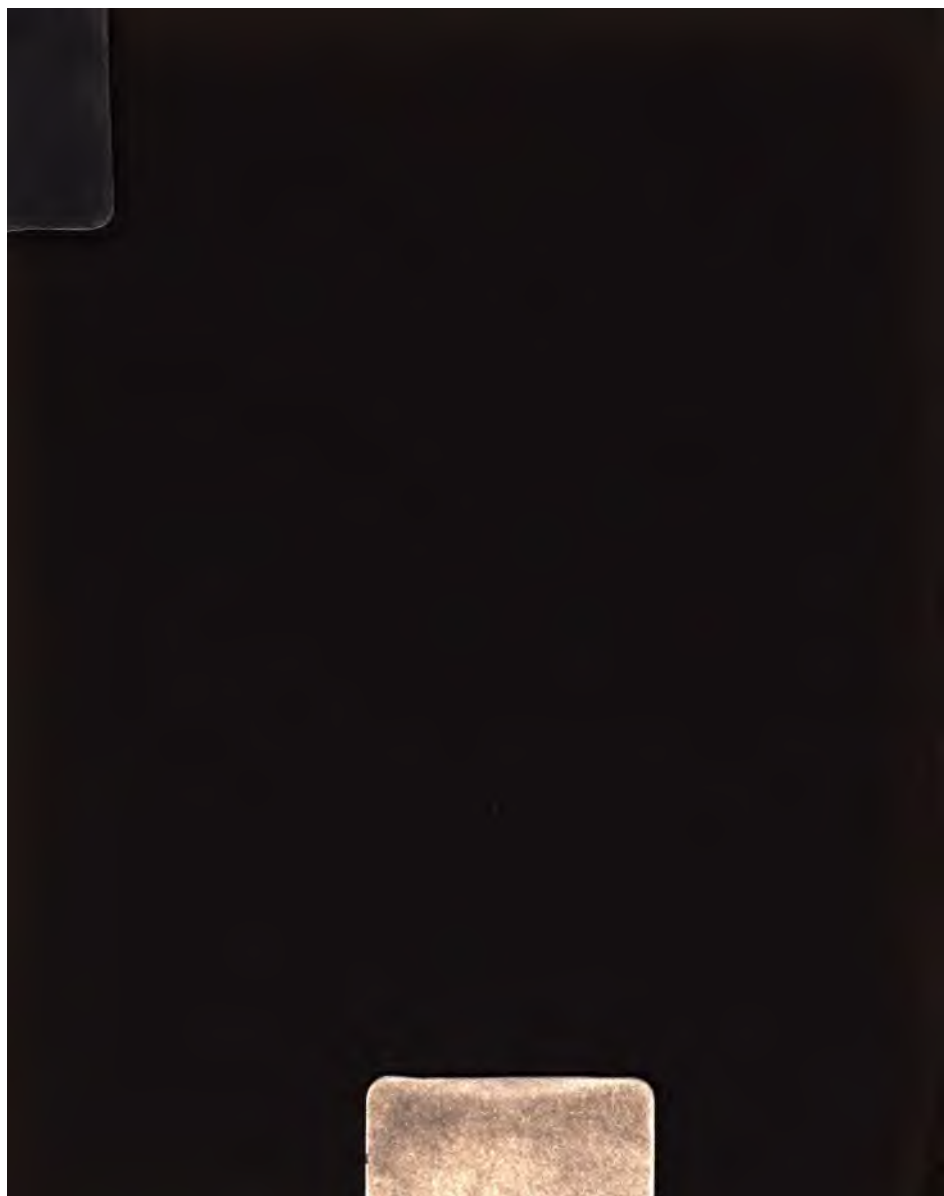
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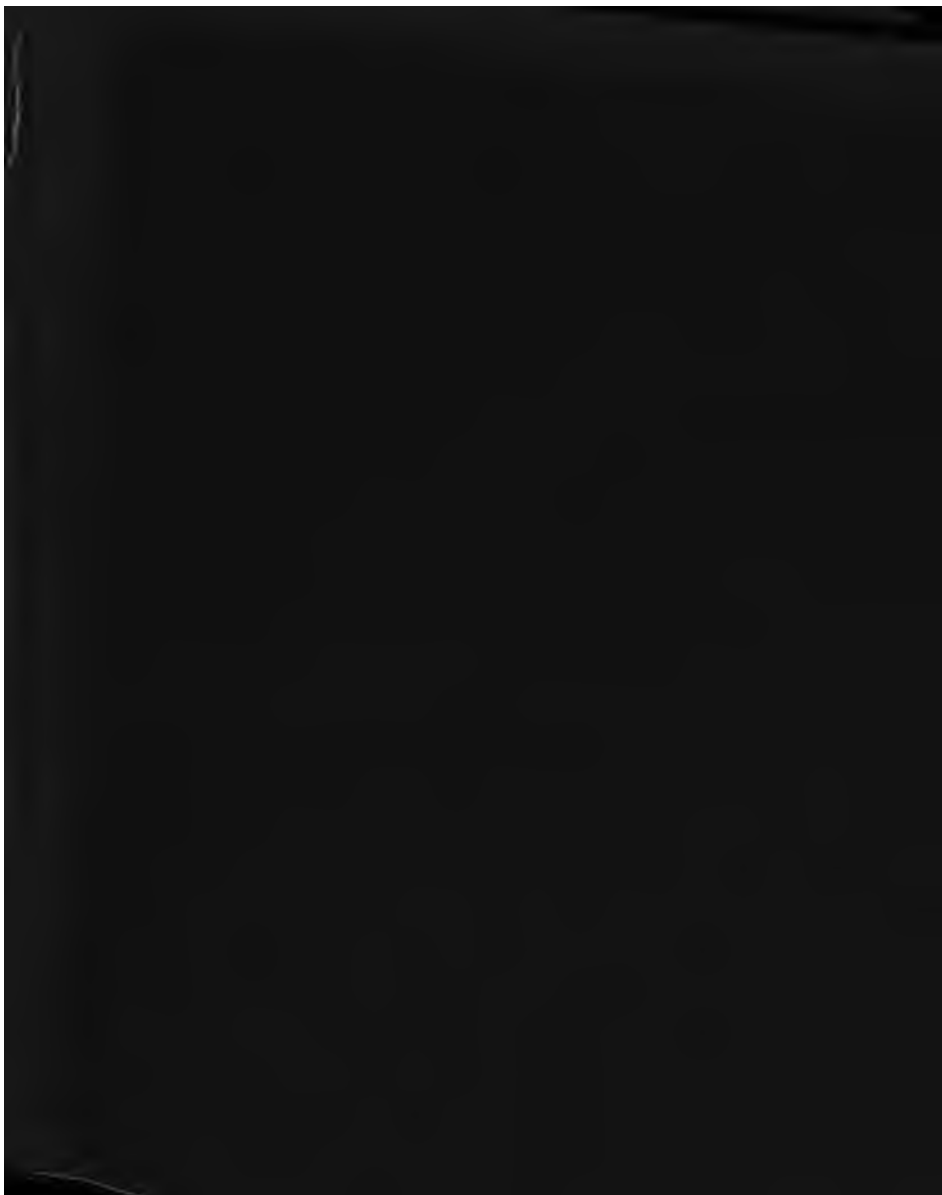
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GRANNIE'S RHYMES

OF

OLDEN TIMES.

PART III.--GREECE.

London :

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.

—
1884.

2356. f. 3.



GRANNIE'S RHYMES

OF

OLDEN TIMES

MAY BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF

"THE HUNDRED PIPERS."



RHYMES ABOUT GREECE.



In her earliest days Greece was noble and free,
And famed for her heroes by land and by sea,
1250. The Argonauts sailed from her shores for the fleece,
1174. And Troy was besieged by the heroes of Greece.
These men understood, though they lived long ago,
The arts most important for nations to know :
They guided their ships by the stars in the sky,
Leaving records behind them on which we rely.
And that Greeks might both reading and writing be
taught,
From Phœnicia to Greece was the alphabet brought.
Æsculapius, the doctor, who lived at this time,
Was accounted a god, for his power seemed divine ;
While Homer, their poet, tells many a tale,
In which courtly good breeding is seen to prevail.
From Cecrops, the Founder of Athens, they gained
The learning which he had in Egypt obtained,
That best of all schools on the banks of the Nile,
Where great men of old loved to study awhile.

THE AGE OF THE REPUBLICS OF GREECE.

1068. Notwithstanding all this many think them unwise,
 For headship and rule they began to despise ;
 They thought with their kings they had better dispense,
 And let every man rise in the State by his sense.
 But faction and strife is the fate of a realm,
 When every man thinks he should be at the helm.
594. Her lawgivers made her wise laws with great care,
 " If not quite the best, still the best she could bear."
 Bold orators promised the State to reform,
 Republics may promise, they seldom perform.
 By Lycurgus, the Spartans to hardship were trained,
 His laws made good soldiers, but no peace was
 gained,
 For not Solon, nor all the Seven Sages of Greece,
 Could give her Republics the blessing of peace.
 Bold Sparta with Athens could never agree,
 And the States that were under them longed to be
 free ;
 Yet in Athens refinement and learning progressed,
 And the writings of Homer were read with keen zest ;
 True talent of whatever kind she rewarded,
 A crown made of laurel perhaps all she awarded.
 Though proudly she gazed on her sons thus arrayed,
 A crown for a king she no longer displayed.

THE PISISTRATIDÆ.

550. Yet Pisistratus sought her affections to win,
And by dint of address became almost her king ;
Pisistratus knew how to govern with grace,
And his sons seemed to think they could rule in his place,
But Athenians were not to be easily led,
Hippárchus they slew, and then Hippias fled ;
Enraged with his country, to Persia he went,
'Twixt Persia and Greece on a quarrel intent.
Made Darius himself think he'd cause of offence,
Until Greece he invaded with forces immense.

DARIUS.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

490. On Marathon's plains a great battle was fought,
When Miltiades set the proud Persians at nought.
For the Greeks had good Gen'als to guide them aright,
And well disciplined soldiers who knew how to fight.
While the hosts upon hosts on which Persia relied,
Only hindered her progress, and fostered her pride.

Some thousands were left upon Marathon's plain,
 And Hippias, the traitor, was found 'mongst the slain.
 So poor king Darius was soon made to own
 He had better have kept his great army at home.

XERXES.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

Yet Xerxes, the next king, thought he'd like to try,
 Whether he and his hosts could not make the Greeks
 fly.

Artabanus, his uncle, heard this with dismay,
 And warned him of dangers he'd find on the way ;
 When twice to King Xerxes a phantom appeared,
 Which scoffed at the dangers his wise uncle fear'd.
 So the King made his uncle get into his bed,
 Attired in his robes, with his crown on his head,
 For, " Who knows," said the King, " but you also may
 see,

The same vision which twice has appeared before me ;"
 When, strange to relate, if historians say true,
 The very same phantom appeared to his view,
 Finding fault with his counsel, and bidding him cease
 From opposing the King's expedition to Greece.
 At length it was settled that Xerxes should go ;
 But alas ; he found nothing but trouble and woe.

LEONIDAS.

480. Leonidas stands at Thermopylæ's straits,
 And a handful of Spartans his coming awaits,
 That Xerxes may see them all die at their posts,
 And learn that no Greek will submit to his hosts.
 In that rude mountain pass every Spartan fell dead.
 But in death laurel-crowns still encircle each head.

THE BURNING OF ATHENS.

Then the Persians proceed further south every day,
 And sad is the havoc they make on their way,
 But though Attica's ravaged, and Athens in flames,
 Nought but old men and idiots the city contains.
 "The Athenians are free!" they're to Salamis fled,
 Where their wives and their little ones tremble with dread,
 But the men are determined the King to oppose,
 To fight for their country, and vanquish their foes.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

Themistocles governs their brave little fleet,
 Resolved to give battle, and not to retreat,
 While Xerxes looks down from a throne on the hill,
 Surrounded by courtiers, who wait on his will;
 But what a sad sight for the King to behold,
 His own men give way, and the Greeks grow more bold!

QUEEN ARTEMISIA SUPPLIED XERXES
WITH SOME OF HER SHIPS.

His friend Artemisia was foremost in fight,
While the Persians themselves were preparing for flight
In despair, he exclaim'd as he gazed on them then,
"The men fight like women, the women like men."

XERXES DEFEATED AT SALAMIS.

In Salamis isle all the mothers were glad,
Their husbands had conquer'd, and Xerxes was sad,
He fled in a boat, not at all to his mind,
His own bridge of boats was destroyed by the wind.

THE BATTLE OF PLATÆA, MARDONIUS
DEFEATED.

Mardonius he left to redeem Persia's fame,
Or if not victorious, to bear all the blame,
Mardonius was slain on the fields of Platæa,
479. At Mycale the King's troops were beaten at sea.
Thus ended the conflict, and Persia no more
Brought over large armies to land on the shore.
But alas, for poor Greece! though in liberty's cause,
Her sons shed their blood in these desperate wars,

Their freedom is gone—though not slaves of the foe,
 Yet enslaved by the pleasures they will not forego.
 The spoils of the vanquished quite covered the land,
 The gold and the silver, they gathered like sand ;
 Love of wealth, and corruption crept into the State,
 Greeks learnt to love vices they once used to hate,
 'Till wearied at length, with too many abuses,
 Greece thought she would go, and seek rest with the muses.

THE AGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Though not famed for wisdom, the Muses were sure,
 That a visit to them no disorders would cure,
 Yet pleased that the nation in whom they delighted
 Sought comfort from them when her best hopes seemed
 blighted,
 They promised to help her such statesmen to make,
 As models should be, without strife or debate.
 And true to their word, Greece succeeded we own,
 For the statesmen she made, were all statesmen in stone.
 And so perfect their form that some venture to say
 Few sculptors have equalled them down to our day.

THE PLAGUE AT ATHENS.

But while temples and statues her fancy engaged
 At Athens, that seat of the fine arts, there raged
 A most terrible plague, which, as with one blow,
 Laid her Pericles dead and her citizens low.

THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

This was during the war call'd the Peloponnesian—
 Corcyra, an island, in Corinth's possession,
 Refused to give Corinth allegiance due,
 And had on her side of the states not a few ;
 As Athens had promised her cause to maintain,
 Bold Sparta, her rival, was full of disdain ;
 So Sparta decided with all her allies
 To declare war with Athens, who soon found supplies.
 But the war thus begun was not very soon ended,
 For twenty-seven years was their treasure expended.

- .c. 431. Four hundred and thirty and one was the year,
 When the first blow was struck near the town of Plataea,
 Very great were the battles, both sides lost and won,
 .c. 404. Until Sparta prevailed and left Athens undone.
 The famous account that Thucydides wrote,
 Will give you delight both to read and to quote.

THEBES CONTENDS WITH SPARTA.

Though Sparta has triumphed, there's trouble in store,
 In twenty short years she'll be envied no more,
 For in Thebes many murmur, and all are distressed
 That by Sparta's dominion, their State is oppressed.
 Yet they fear to contend with so mighty a foe,
 Whose invincible force has laid Athens so low.

EPAMINONDAS AND PELOPIDAS.

379. At this crisis Pelopidas rose in the State,
 With Epaminondas their cause to debate,
 Both leaders decided to throw off the yoke,
 And cheered every heart by the words that they spoke.

THE BATTLE OF LEUCTRA AND MANTINEA.

Very soon the brave Thebans made Sparta give way,
 For at Leuctra and Mantinea, they won the day,
 But alas, their best gen'ral in battle was slain,
 And, without him, Thebes could not her glory retain.
 Yet Sparta from this time no longer could boast
 The ascendancy which she for ever had lost.

How weakened the hands once so able and strong !
 How abject the States that contended so long !
 Yet Greece must arise and her mission fulfil,
 For Persia is destined to bow to her will.

- Dan. ii. 39. Those strong limbs of "*brass*" the world yet shall admire
 And Greece not in vain to dominion aspire ;
 But 'ere the great battle for Empire be fought,
 The Greek must subjection to headship be taught.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

So Philip of Macedon gives them no peace,
 Till he's ruler-in-chief of the forces of Greece.
 Demosthenes said what he could to subvert him,
 But his bold philippics had no power to hurt him.
 The King was prepared for invading the East,
 When 'twas suddenly rumoured that he was deceased !

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Philip's death made no change, for divine the behest,
 Dan. viii. That the *East* should succumb to the power of the *West*.
 His son, Alexander, ambitious and young,
 Flies forth to achieve what his sire left undone.
 As head of all Greece he soon treads Persia's shore,
 And after three struggles that Empire's no more.

334. At Issus, Granicus, Arbela, there fell,
 Hosts of Persians who died fighting bravely and well.
 But nought can resist the ambition and skill,
 Which subdues all the East, let men do what they will.

But when to Jerusalem he would repair.
"The city God chose that his name might be there."
 His soldiers impatient await but his word,
 And long for the moment to draw forth the sword.

But no armies are seen set in battle array,
 As if for a feast, flow'rs are strewn in the way,
 When, forth from the gates, come the Priests of the Lord,
 White robes are their armour, their faith is their sword.

The High Priest advances, as God had revealed,
 With mitre for helmet, with breastplate for shield,
 In steadfast obedience he moves on his way,
 Undaunted by danger, God's word is His stay.

But who can describe the amazement of those,
 Who in battle are trained force with force to oppose,
 When lo! their young King prostrate falls to adore,
 That High Priest whom in vision he'd seen long before.

How happy the meeting which God thus ordained!
 How delighted the King with what Jaddua explained,
 As he read from the Prophets, and showed that of old,
 A most glorious course had for him been foretold.

His friend, much perplexed, called his monarch aside,
 To the question he put Alexander replied:
 "Not the man I adore, but the Presence Divine,
 Which delights through the High Priestly office to shine."

With hope thus inspired he bade Jaddua adieu,
 And set forth his victorious course to pursue,
 Till, sated with conquest, success and renown,
 With other exploits he his labours would crown.
 He halted, and Babylon chose for his home,
 Ambitious that wreck of a city to own.

There, the temple of Belus he meant to restore,
 And Euphrates confine to her old banks once more ;
 But, had he remembered what Jaddua read,
 Such folly as this had ne'er entered his head ;
 For the Prophets of old had said once and again,
 That the city should ever a desert remain.

323. Though thus with winged speed Greece the Empire
 attains,

The hand that has seized does not long hold the reins,
 Alexander the Great is of pleasure the slave,
 And forgets the good rules Aristotle once gave.
 Still amidst all his pleasures one fear haunts his mind,
 That on that spot he'll die, as it had been divined.
 And just as he feared, there he drew his last breath,
 And from that time the State seemed invaded with death.
 Not as one glorious whole, could the Empire remain,
 No successor was found fit to rule it again.

Beloved and lamented by friend and by foe,
 In the prime of his life was our hero laid low,
 By nature endowed for his brilliant career,
 What his mind once conceived, he fulfilled without fear.

But amidst all the praises of Persians and Greeks,
 Sysigambis' fondness, how loudly it speaks !
 For although Alexander had conquered her son,
 His love and his goodness her sad heart had won.

“ When she heard he was dead,” those about her would
say,

“ One would think she had lost both her sons in one day.”
In vain did they hope that her grief would subside,
By the side of his bier, there she lingered and died.

With sweet spices embalmed, in a coffin of gold,
On a chariot of state, most superb to behold,
With pomp he’s conveyed towards the Lybian shore,
And the realm he has won was divided in four.

THE FOUR DIVISIONS OF THE GRECIAN EMPIRE.

B.C. 312.	<i>Greece.</i>	<i>Thrace.</i>	<i>Syria</i>	<i>Egypt.</i>
			Selencus.	Ptolemy.
			Antiochus	Ptolemy Phila-
			Epiphanes.	delphus.

Of Greece and of Thrace we’ll have nothing to say,
It’s so hard to remember four kings of one day,
And their “ins” and their “outs” are by no means
amusing,

Most people complain they’re a little confusing.
But Syria and Egypt are quite the reverse.
And their doings are well worth a few lines of verse.

Alexander's friend, Ptolemy, took for his share
 The fam'd land of Egypt, with pyramids rare.
 While Selencus in Syria claimed all the East,
 And reigned o'er a kingdom, by no means the least.
 Within this King's realm lived the Jews in their land,
 Just as Ezra had left them—a poor despised band ;
 With no King of their own as in Solomon's days,
 No wealth in their coffers large armies to raise.
 But Syria and Egypt in war spent their life,
 And the people of God were mixed up in their strife,
 They were just like a ball tossed up high in the air,
 Whichever could catch them got them for his share.
 It was good for the Jews when to Egypt they fell,
 For the Ptolemies usually treated them well.

PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

Some day read Josephus' account. B.C. 285. Philadelphus, the King, for his learning renowned,
 Did the great Alexandrian library found ;
 Above all, he desired, to its treasures to add,
 Those Scriptures Divine, which the Jews alone had.
 With reverence profound, their High Priest he addressed,
 Who graciously granted the King his request,
 Seventy Elders of Isr'el to Egypt he sent,
 With the wonderful parchments to Ptolemy lent
 With permission that they might translate into Greek,
 The Hebrew which they would most jealously keep.

With gladness of heart, the King welcomed them there,
 All their wants he supplied with profusion and care,
 With gifts the most costly their toil he repaid,
 While the Elders on their part, for his welfare prayed.

And here by the way, I will give you the hint,
 To call this translation the Septuagint.

ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES.

And now I must tell you the terrible things,
 They suffered from one of the Syrian Kings

B.C. 175. When the wicked Antiochus came forth with might,
 To stamp out God's name, in his fury and spite.

Read the
 account
 of this in
 the Apo-
 crypha.

On the temple he seized, and some thousands were slain,
 Of its noble defenders who struggled in vain,
 Desolation and ruin on all sides increased,
 And the "morning and evening" sacrifice ceased.
 No longer "the candlestick" shed forth its light,
 No longer the "twelve loaves" were set in God's sight;
 The Jews he made eat the swine's flesh they abhorred,
 And those who resisted were slain by the sword.
 To this impious man divine honours were paid,
 Who a sow on God's altar, insultingly laid;
 Seven sons of one mother were tortured and slain,
 Not accepting deliv'rance from torment and pain.

Their mother sustaining their faith in God's Word,
 And rejoicing in hope of a future reward.
 Some where stoned, some were tempted, some slain by
 the sword,
 Afflicted, tormented, they wandered abroad.

In deserts and caves of the earth some remained,
 There was no chance of life where Antiochus reigned ;
 At length the King fancied the conflict was o'er,
 Or, at least, that his presence was needed no more ;
 Fierce rulers he left to preside in his place,
 With orders to show neither mercy nor grace.

Meanwhile, in those caves, what repentance ! what
 fear !

What entreaties that God would in mercy draw near !
 Men thought of the deeds of their fathers of old,
 And all that the Law and the Prophets foretold ;
 Till the smouldering fire burst forth in a flame,
 And no fears could their zeal for God's temple restrain.

Five sons of one man, called the good Maccabees,
 Lead them forth to resist, and the enemy flees ;
 Tens of thousands in vain would their progress oppose,
 God's armies, unseen, helped to scatter their foes,
 While the treasure the tents of the vanquished contained,
 Replenished the coffers Antiochus drained.
 At last, their loved temple they reach and regain,
 Three years to a day since their brethren were slain,

But oh ! with what sorrow of heart they bemoan,
 Their temple despoiled, and with weeds overgrown,
 How defiled and unfit for God's service appeared
 That altar which pious Zerubbabel reared !
 Unclean and polluted with blood of the sow,
 The Maccabees cannot its presence allow,
 With mourning and grief they remove ev'ry stone,
 And do all in their pow'r for such guilt to atone.
 At length a new altar is hallow'd by prayer,
 And spotless the lambs that are sacrificed there,
 While priests with devotion the temple adorn,
 With the new golden vessels they'd laboured to form,
 Dedicated anew was the temple they cleansed,

John x. 22. And with feast of rejoicing their sad story ends.

By degrees, not long after was Greece overthrown,
 And the Empire *of this world* passed over to Rome !

And now my dear boys, we have had a long run,
 I hope you're delighted with what you have done ;
 And having thus mastered these lines about Greece,
 You may claim from your mother a five shilling piece :
 If you find that she thinks me *a little bit cannie*.
 Remind her I'm still your affectionate Grannie.

A LIST.

“ It is always a pleasure our old friends to greet,
If you look down this list, what a number you'll meet”.

Argonauts.	Mycale.
Troy.	Pericles.
Æsculapius.	Peloponnesian War.
Homer.	Corcyra.
Cecrops.	Corinth.
Lycurgus.	Pelopidas.
Solon.	Epaminondas.
Pisistratus.	Thebes.
Hipparchus.	Leuctra.
Hippias.	Mantineia.
Darius.	Philip of Macedon.
Miltiades.	Demosthenes.
Marathon.	Alexander the Great.
Xerxes.	Granicus
Artabanus.	Issus.
Thermopylæ.	Arbela.
Leonidas.	Jaddua
Themistocles.	Aristotle.
Salamis.	Sysigambis.
Artemisia.	Ptolemy Philadelphus.
Mardonius.	Antiochus Epiphanes.
Platæa.	Maccabees.





